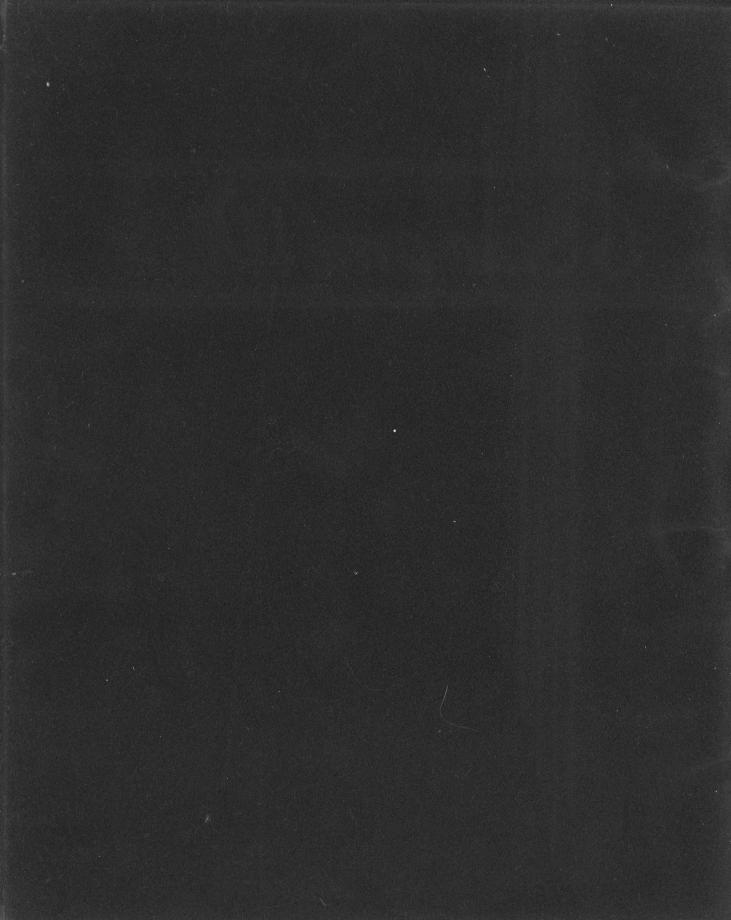
Blue and White

1935







THE WINNIPEG GENERAL HOSPITAL

Blue and White

A Record and Memorial of the 1935 GRADUATING CLASS



May, 1935

HONORARY CLASS PRESIDENTS

MISS O. WICKS

MRS. C. B. STEWART (V. Paget)



MISS K. W. ELLIS, SUPERINTENDENT OF NURSES

DEDICATION

HE Graduating Class of 1935 dedicate this, their Year Book, to Miss Kathleen W. Ellis, in sincere appreciation of her good fellowship, understanding, unerring judgment and her inspiration throughout their three years.



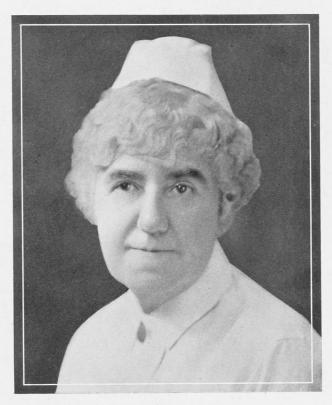
The Winnipeg General Hospital



DR. G. F. STEPHENS, SUPERINTENDENT OF HOSPITAL



DR. H. COPPINGER, Assistant Superintendent of Hospital



MISS M. McGILLVRAY, NIGHT SUPERINTENDENT



MISS H. JOHNSON, Asst. NIGHT SUPERINTENDENT



MISS T. WIGGINS, Assistant Superintendent of Nurses

STAFF NURSES



Standing—E. Taylor, E. Turner, M. Campbell, M. Henderson, E. McDowell, M. Cowie, L. Lee, M. Duncan, C. Baker, A. McNeil, J. Machray.

Sitting—G. Nelson, M. Graham, M. Currie, J. Grant Millar, A. Ganton, E. Smith, C. Lunn, J. Landy.

INTERNES



Standing—A. K. Fidler, L. G. Magid, J. D. Leishman, H. Gislason, K. Trueman, A. B. Gray, R. Woodsworth, S. Musgrove, O. J. Ofeigsson, B. D. Best, H. Duncan, G. G. Hamilton, A. Andison, B. Orchard.
Sitting—D. Thompson, R. C. Anderson, G. F. Homer, E. S. James, A. Blair, D. Huggins, D. Pound, S. Taylor, J. Doupe, P. Johnson, M. H. Brooks, H. Hart, H. McNicol.



I expect to pass through this world but once;

Any good, therefore, that I can do,

Or any kindness that I can show,

To any fellow creature, let me do it NOW;

Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

-STEPHEN GRALLETT.





MARGARET ASHBY, EMERSON, MAN.

ARGARET Ashby from Emerson came, ("Ashby" is her common name)
Mischievous as the very Old Nick—
Keeps her patients span and spick;
A good charge nurse we all know,
Good luck, Ashby, wherever you go!





LOUISE BALDWIN, WARREN, MAN.

ERE'S our Louie, wish her luck!
Dependable and full of pluck.
Come what may she will be ready,
She is always cool and steady.
A good nurse and well loved friend;
May your good luck never end.



ROM Warren, Manitoba, Vera came to us, With shy blue eyes and lovely wavy hair. We've never seen her room get in a muss.

And on the wards, I tell you she's right there! We think her sweet, and others, too, have found it out—We wish her joy, for she's a real good scout.





GRACE COLE, CLEARWATER, MAN.

ROM Clearwater came a girl Blue of eye and gold of curl, Grace Cole was the name she bore Now she's always to the fore; Cool of head and always neat Quickly speeds on willing feet. Now that she's a General Grad She is going home to Dad.



VERA M. BALLARD, IMPERIAL, SASK.

NURSE of whom all folks are fond Is Vera Ballard, tall and blonde—
Noted for her temper sweet
Also has an ankle neat.
From Imperial, Sask., she came
At the General won her fame.
Sometimes talks in her sleep at night—
Does most everything else just right.





LORNA CRERAR, BINSCARTH, MAN.

R

Equal parts
Gentle Nature and Demure Air
Moisten c Milk of Human kindness,
Add a dash of Old Nick and a
Large portion of Wit and Humor
Blend well with a gift for making up
Songs and poetry;
Flavor with the Essence of of Good Fellowship;
Sprinkle generously with Good Luck
And keep warm in our hearts till the End of Time.



ETHEL DARR, EAGLE RIVER, ONT.

UR blond Darr-ling from the east Darrie seemed our baby, as she really is, but it didn't take us long to find that she was capable of anything and could not only hold her own but surpass many of us in all our work.

On duty she is the quiet, efficient, business-like nurse, a favorite with workers and patients. Off duty she is responsible for a lot of our fun and never voluntarily misses a good time.

She is bound to win and we certainly wish her the best of everything.



ETHEL ELDER, WINNIPEG, MAN.

UIET and reserved but very sweet The type of girl we like to meet; Another like her there is none And yet at times she's a son-of-a-gun; A pal in need is she indeed, We wish her well and all God's speed.



MARY GIBSON, BIRTLE, MAN.

UR Gibby," as she is affectionately termed by her classmates, holds a very dear spot in our hearts. I think her most endearing quality is her complete unselfishness. Gibby never gives a thought to her own desires while there are others to be considered.

Her cheerful disposition is accentuated by the dimples when she smiles. In addition to these admirable traits is her ability as a nurse. Efficiency is by no means a minor detail in her make-up.

We know that Gibby's success is assured.







ALICE M. GOODBRAND, BELMONT, MAN.

OODIE" was once a school ma'am, then decided to become a nurse, and graduated from Grace Hospital. Her great thirst for knowledge and desire to become the best possible nurse prompted her to again become a "probie" with the rest of us. Goodie has been a real pal to us all, much beloved by those who really know and understand her. To a nurse like Goodie success and the best of luck is assured.

ALLISON JAMIESON, WINNIPEG, MAN.

LLISON Jamieson is dainty and petite, She's always very willing and always very sweet; She learned her clinics all so well, She had to teach the pro's as well. She goes to bridge games Wednesday night— But she's our Jamieson, so that's all right.





HELEN McLEAN, ELGIN, MAN.

REGARDLESS of the numerous obstacles which fate had placed in Helen's path—she has plodded on with a relentless zeal steadily reaching the goal she strived to attain.

A loyal, faithful friend, and earnest worker. Best of luck, Helen!



HELEN MILLER, WINNIPEG, MAN.

ELEN Miller is the name
Of this sweet nurse who is due for fame;
Forsaking Science at the U.
She came to learn what nurses do—
She's dainty, trim and quite petite,
And she makes corners—oh so neat!
An Al nurse and if in doubt
"Miller" always tries to help us out.



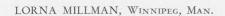


MARY JANE MILLER, PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MAN.

SXCITEMENT anywhere? Jean is sure to be present. Eats anywhere? Jean never misses.

When we embarked on our three years we didn't get to know Jean immediately. But she proved an A1 sport and a true pal. Every gathering for fun or business was a success if Jean was there.

Here's luck to you Jean, and a snug little "home in the East."



A Violet by a mossy stone half hidden from the eye; Fair as a star when only one is shining in the sky.

JORNA is a mystery to us all. Even now we do not know her as well as we wish.

She is such a good nurse, a good friend, a good sport, and so completely untouched by anything "of this earth, earthy."

Our love and good wishes go with you, Lorna!







GRACE MONTGOMERY, STONEWALL, MAN.

HE English language fails us in trying to describe our Grace. Her moods are legion, gay, quiet, boisterous, gentle, aggravating and loving in quick succession.

She has proven herself a very clever, capable and conscientious nurse, and her desire for orderly arrangement ensures her success as an O.R. nurse. Her music, too, has been a delight and great would have been our loss if she hadn't decided to join us three years ago.

JOY NIELD, WINDYGATES, MAN.

"Her eyes are stars of twilight fair," Like twilight, too, her dusky hair."

HADOW and sunshine—a personality radiating vitality, vivacity and charm. Wholeheartedly sympathetic and loyal to everyone in the true sense of the word—a friend.





PAULINE SCHELL, WINNIPEG, MAN.

AULINE has come through difficulties and trials, revolutions in fact, but her spirit is unquelled and her optimism unquenched. The color of her hair allows for a little temper which she shows only on special occasions. Generous and sympathetic with a ready sense of humor, she makes friends and better still, keeps friends. Brilliant and vivacious she is one of our class assets and we hope that after she passes the gateway of Graduation we will meet her often on the other side.

There was once a star, in the great O.R.

And the name of the star was Schell;
She is not very tall, and not too small,
And she as a nurse is swell.



VIOLET BERYL SEEMAN, THEODORE, SASK.

REW up with the ambition to be a nurse. In 1932 she arrived at the W.G.H. Training School. She had the freshest complexion in the Class and still has it. She is interested in everything from bugs to babies—especially V.O.N. babies. She is addicted to taking photographs, collecting pictures, poetry and China figures.

She is little but she's wise, She's a terror for her size; She is full of fun and pluck And we wish her best of luck!

She's a first class nurse and an A1 pal!



KATHLEEN SIMPSON, MOOSOMIN, SASK.

UR little Scotchwoman—and proud of it! Don't ever forget that. Let's Harmonize Kally, what can we sing? Kally has always been the stately lady of our class. Not that she doesn't join in the rough and tumble and all the fun—she surely does, and is the sport of the class too, when it comes to tennis and skating.

As for nursing, there isn't anything she can't do and do well. A little behind time with the odd assignment but a general favorite, and she always gets there.

May your good fortune continue Kally, be it in professional or home life.



HE has the bluest eyes with a sparkle of fun, And things are done right that Thompson's done. First at school teaching, then at nursing tried her hand Pupils and patients vow that she's just grand. Game to the core with a charm all her own— If you want to know more there is more to be known. Best of luck, Tommy!







KATHARINE WILKES, MARQUETTE, MAN.

HOSE room is more inhabited than Wilkes'? The pathway to her door is well worn by the feet of many who came to her for information, advice, comfort and the merry laugh which "doeth good like medicine." For Wilkie possesses an understanding heart, a keen sense of humor and a deep well of common sense—in other words, she is the "Hub" of our class. Here's to you for your diplomacy in solving many of our problems. Success in all your ventures Wilkie.

CAROL WRIGHT, NAPINKA, MAN.

ROM Napinka, Carol came to join the ranks of the White Parade. She is one of the musicians of the class and is most gifted along poetical and literary lines. She is possessed of a mind of her own and is most conscientious in all her work.

Carol has proven herself a true friend to each of us, sharing her joys and sorrows, and we all wish her the best of luck in the future.







Paddy

"ADDY" needs no introduction to the readers of the W.G.H. Nurses' Annual, for without Paddy's story the "Blue and White" would merely be "blue."

W III has been Paddy's home for so long, and "Paddy" has been thus called for so many years that his true name has been forgotten—a mere detail, for merely the mention "Paddy" means so much more to every student nurse, interne, graduate and doctor than "Mr. Smith," or Mr. "Whatever-it-is" could ever designate.

A sunny disposition, an infectious smile, an understanding nature is Paddy's. He is indeed a ray of sunshine in the nurses' lives. Despite an injured spine, which confined him entirely to bed 16 years ago, Paddy always feels "just fine." Never does he utter a word of protest or seek sympathy from anyone. Indeed, it is to Paddy that many a tired, discouraged "probie," junior or senior, goes for help and encouragement. His smile, a few understanding words, a funny joke or picture (of which Paddy always has a store) and once more life seems worth living.

We have enjoyed knowing him, serving him, and spending our "off hours" visiting him, and we wish to thank him from the very depths of our hearts for the inspiration he has been to us throughout these three years of our training.

May Paddy always be . . . well, just "Paddy."

George Days

TO REPORT FOR DUTY MONDAY A.M. Miss.....K.G.

Yes, that really is our name. It really says K.G.

Hurry!

Hurry up and tell somebody!

Hurry up and get off duty and get packed!

Hurry up old street car we're waiting! How do people travel with suitcases anyway? We suspect we took too many. Did you remember your studs?

Here we are! Well, which is the Residence? That far away place . . . heavens it seems like a mile. What did you have in that suitcase, iron bars? What room? Oh, anywhere. Have you been swabbed?

Trudging through the snow and ice to the George. A seat in the office—3 minutes, 10 minutes. Then, "your full name?" Special trainings? Diseases!
"Von Perke"—huh—oh, er—yes, of course."

"Keep your tongue down please!"

Morning-No bell. Few odd assorted alarms going Buzzzz!

"Hey, get up Darr!"

"I'll take this end of the corridor. You wake Hurry up! We want to get to breakfast before the 'Miseri' kids get all the seats."

A shining breakfast room, uniformed maids, hot

pancakes.

"Hurry up, kids, we've got to get to the flat before all the thermos' are taken."

Gowns, on again, off again. Gown again! Fill the basin up with hot water. Don't touch that hopper.

"Hurry up and get lunch!" Coffee, brown bread with sugar.

"Hurry, kids, we've got to get to class!"

"Hurry, so we'll get the back seat." Afterwards scramble for the letter box.

"Hurry up, we want to get to the General before

This is ice cream day.

"Hurry up and eat your ice cream-we're supposed to be at the Medical College."

"No, we can't stay. Got to hurry back on duty."

Street car . . . bus . . . mud puddles.

Gowns . . . pans . . . basins . . . discharge baths.

"Hurry up, so we can get off duty." "Look out, you're contaminated!"

"Hurry and get the lunch dishes done before 10 p.m.

"GOOD NIGHT!"



George Gargles

NCE there was a little nurse who went into a ward to do up a little patient-and when the nurse lifted the top sheet up leaped a large and juicy mouse who scudded across the floor and vanished. The nurse did her best but not being a pussy she couldn't quite catch him. So she came to the next patient . . . and horror of horrors, again the monstrous mouse appeared and as suddenly disappeared! The little nurse looked and looked but she couldn't As she approached the third bed the find him. mystery mouse again appeared. The nurse got reinforcements. She got two staff nurses. They got brooms. They shut the door. They hunted. They found. They slaughtered. That mouse had to be slaughtered. His technique was too terrible.

And then there was the little nurse who came into the darkened room. The room was that of a student nurse off duty with an infected finger. At any rate the first nurse thought there was a sick nurse in there in the darkened room as she said:

"Would you like the light on, dear?"

And the patient said, "Yes, darling," in a deep voice—and the patient was Dr. Hart.



Margaret Scott Mission

ICTURE a bright, cozy, old-fashioned living room, presided over by a gracious and charming lady, who in turn remonstrates and mothers a group of ten mischievous young girls, and you have a true insight into life at the Margaret Scott Mission.

Is it any wonder, then, that we looked forward to this part of our training, and hoped and prayed that we might be fortunate enough to "get the Mission." And when that "day of days" arrived, and we saw our name posted for the Mission—how glad and excited we were.

Bags were packed hastily, and I'm afraid, not always scientifically, but sooner or later aided and abetted by envious classmates we set forth in a taxi for 99 George Street.

Our arrival was always a happy one, for Miss West and her staff were there to bid us welcome and show us to our room.

As we unpacked, we wondered whether or not that fluffy comforter we saw on the foot of our bed were a dream, and how would we look in the hat our predecessor had left behind for us, and how we would act going to prayers without a bib and apron. Horrors!

But at 7 o'clock next morning, after a whole hour of extra sleep, we decided we looked quite as nice without a bib and apron as with one—and clattered down the stairs to enjoy a jolly breakfast time with our sister nurses.

After seeing a baby bathed, as babies should be bathed—we set forth bravely, armed with a "little black bag," and warmly clothed in too small hat and size 40 coat (we usually wear size 16), and numerous sundry articles gathered from "those who had gone before."

After a busy, happy day, we returned home feeling very much like Christopher Columbus must have felt when he discovered America, for we too, had discovered more streets in Winnipeg than we ever knew existed—and after a warm substantial evening meal, settled to "Reports." Then perhaps a rousing sing song party, tea at nine o'clock, and then bed once more—our first day at the Mission over—one whole precious day gone.

And just that quickly our eight weeks at the Mission slipped by—each day brought with it new and varied experiences and opportunities for learning a practical side of nursing, which we shall always value.

The Mission is indeed a haven for those unfortunates who have trodden a weary road, and we shall ever thank those who made it possible for us to do a wee share in alleviating the hardship and discomfort which befell our patients.

To the memory of Mrs. Scott, the founder of the Mission, we devote deep reverence, and to her successors who labor in unselfishness, we offer great respect and admiration.

Hippocrates in Psycho

ND I came unto a handsome building with many windows. And the windows thereof were barred with iron. And I passed within and found a long hall, the floors of which shone with an exceeding great shininess. And there were many doors—and behind the doors were goodly rooms with large and lustrous desks and exceedingly large windows. And at the desks sate large and ponderous gentlemen, save but in two rooms. And in one of these a stately tall dame I did see. And in the other a fair lady of exceeding great beauty! And the name of these rooms were called offices.

And I betook myself up a broad and gleaming stairway and behold I came unto a door. And the top of the door was of glass and white curtains were hung within so that no man might see through them. And the door was locked.

And within I beheld a desk, not such a bounteous desk as those in the chambers called offices but withal a goodly desk and made not of wood. And at the desk sate a lady clad in spotless white robes of exceeding stiffness and she did write diligently on divers papers.

And behold here also was a long corridor. And the floor thereof did shine. And behold here were many doors and in each door a window and within were many females. And some did sing and some did laugh and some did weep and some did moan.

And behold there came two maidens clad in blue tunics with stiff white robes also.

And they did lead another maiden who did bite and scratch and kick at whomsoever came nigh unto her. But the two maidens did hold her arms and did lead her down the corridor. And they took her unto a room wherein was a mighty bath with much H2O. And I sayst that the third maiden was possessed of evil spirits and I pondered whether the other two would drown her. But they anointed her with foam from a small white stone which they did call "soap" and full soon they did wash off the foam and so presently led the maiden back and did cause her to lie down into a marvellous clean couch with fine white linen and they put leather straps about her wrists and her ankles and so left her.

And the maidens did wash many of the females. And the females did wash the window sills.

And presently there came a young man. And upon his upper lip were twenty-two whiskers. And the spirit said unto me: "He hath a football moustache"—eleven on





each side. So I perceived he was a physician. And he put upon him a white gown and the hem thereof did not reach his knees. And one of the maidens did carry a tray with divers peculiar articles. And they did enter a room and the name of it was the "Disturbed Ward."

And behold one of the females was strapped fast unto her couch and the maidens did hold fast to her head and her hands and her feet. And the physician took unto him a marvellous fine tube and he inserted it in the female's nostril. And at the far end of the tube was a funnel and into the funnel a maiden poured a liquid like unto milk and eggs. And I said:

"Verily this female is inhabited by evil spirits. And perchance when this liquid enters her body the evil spirit will come forth—even as the gophers come forth from their holes when the young boys do fill the holes thereof with H2O." And the spirit answered and said: "Apple sauce." And presently they ceased pouring liquid into the female.

Then arose a very loud noise. And I perceived that one of the females was the underlying cause. In fact she was lying under the bed too. And the noise was like unto the noise of many wild beasts. And the young physician did say: "Give her an H.M.C." and he departed hence in great haste.

And the maidens did cause the female to lie upon the bed. And some of them did sit upon her whilst others made fast the straps. And she did disturb the entire Institution.

Then one of the maidens brought forth a dish of lustrous whiteness and a black box and she lighted a lamp and did purify in the flame thereof a spoon. And the bottom of the spoon was black—and in the spoon was a hypo needle. And she did open the black box and took hence a small glass vial containing many tablets. On the vial thereof was an inscription. And the meaning thereof was H.M.C.

And the maiden put a tablet into the syringe and she did put the needle onto the syringe and she did put the needle into the female's arm and the female did not say "thank you." But she saith everything else.

And presently the female did snore loudly and I perceived she was in a deep sleep. And the young physician returned unto the flat and he did write in the order book. And there were none to interpret the writings.

And the females sate in a room with many windows—and they were all open! And behold in one window sill was a geranium and one of the females did devour it. Whereupon the nurse wrote upon the chart with exceeding care and the words that she printed were "appetite good."

The Wonderful O.R.

ONE day we came to the O.R. Somebody gave us a large bunch of keys and we started out on the great adventure of unlocking all the locked doors. After a while they were all unlocked and we got our dress and a kind soul assisted us to get our cap on properly. Did we ever feel well dressed when we sallied forth with our basin and started attacking the tops of doors and cupboards? We got quite acrobatic.

Presently we found ourselves in a large splashy sounding room with many noises of running taps and boiling waters and steams and screens, and loud explosions and a vast array of used instruments, brushes and gloves. Everybody else ran in and out saying, will you do this and will you do that, and in between we washed instruments and asked everybody we dared "How do you this?" and "Where do they keep that?" and everybody had the same answer—and it was "I don't know."

Presently Harry did cut the gauze and by means of patient and persevering begging we got us a pillow case and marched off feeling very long in the arms and legs and somewhat low in the mind. And the patients said: "Oh! No, we don't want the long pieces."

After a long time, when many instruments had passed under the waters and everybody had eaten all the brown bread, we washed the dishes "just for a change" and so we came to our first P.M.

The next morning we were standing on tiptoe dusting a shelf top when a voice "Go to the Mat." For the next ten days we went to the Mat so often we felt like a Mat.

Eventually, one day, we stood in a theatre and waited, "wondering what it was all about." Sometimes we got roared at and wondered why, and then we didn't get roared at and also wondered why. We are still wondering. The O.R. is a wonderful place.

Once upon a time we screwed up our courage and asked a staff nurse the name of a something or other. She told us in a kind and gentle voice, but her weary sigh and her look said, "Any moron with one eye blind and the other half shut would know that." So we felt squashed, albeit very gently and politely squashed, but very thoroughly. So we said no more but kept on wondering.

After a while we went evenings. Evenings is just another meaning for emergencies. While you are scanning your list of evening duties wondering what to do next, about 6.30 p.m. a long legged interne sticks his head around the corner and yells "There's an appendix on West III coming in twenty minutes," or else the phone rings and a voice buzzes "Dr. So and So is going to do a such and such right away." On Friday night a new joy awaits us—oiling instruments. Instruments are the cutest things. There is





one that looks like an egg beater and one that looks like a screw driver. And there are hammers and chisels and rasps—they'd be keen for trimming horses' hoofs. There are long, lean, hungry looking forceps and forceps that apparently have the cramps—they're all doubled up. Then there are murderous looking affairs that looked like a miniature breaking plow to us. We prefer the chisels. They can't be oiled. We are in favor of all unoilable instruments. We even learned to appreciate curettes!

One of our pet diversions on night duty was floods. Once we tried to catch an interne to see if he would make a good floor mopper. A duck pond mopper to be exact. But that interne seemed to know about mops. He knew too much. He had a very knowing run anyway. We haven't seen him since. The nurses have a special song to be sung only during duck-pond flood fighting. It goes:

"Oh, joy—oh rapture unforeseen; We think this flood is really keen."

The last verse is sung when the waters have begun to recede and Mount Avarrat, otherwise some part of the floor, emerges looking dampish but not lake-like. It goes:

"Oh, joy—oh rapture unforeseen; For now the floor is nice and clean."

And it was. We had floods on Tuesdays and Fridays.

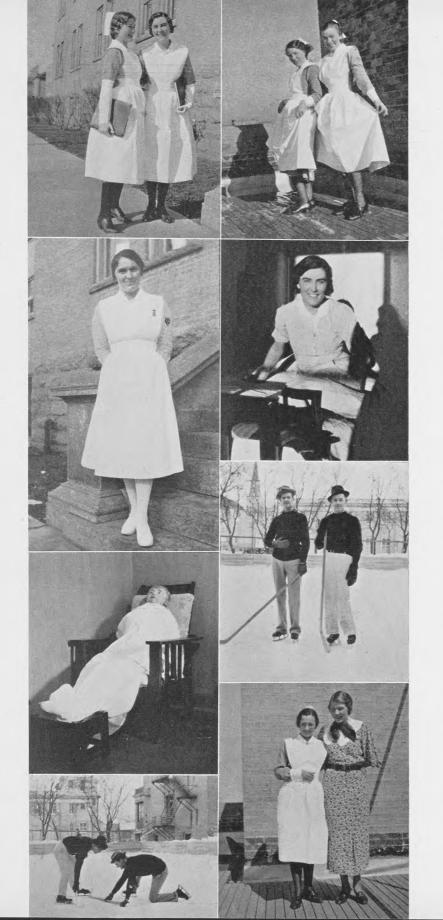
Then, too, there was a certain red letter day, a "letter edged in black" day should we say. Anyway, one day we got a long dress. It had a nice hem, too. It was a very special kind of dress, we never saw it again. Not that we ever wanted to, either. Well, anyway, we were counting sponges in our nice long dress and we stepped on the hem and the hem—well ahem! It unhemmed. We couldn't stop to rehem it either, cause the operations were coming lickety split, and so we had to go on in our "nightie" as one observer dubbed it. It was very dangerous, too—several folks nearly died laughing. We always prefer short dresses now. So much more dignified. We are still wondering!

THE SONG OF THE O.R. NIGHT NURSE

I dream of steam,
And a sterilizer;
Of doctors wise—
And scrub nurse wiser!

Those flasks, those marks, Those endless gloves— Those dressings that Doc Fahrni loves!

Doctors diverge—and then "emerge," Anaesthetists are tardy; Appendixes will be acute So nurses must be hardy!



Schooldays . . . or are they?

Ballyhoo!

Gone, but not forgotten!

Off duty attire-or retire.

She suffers in silence.

It's tough on a fat man.

He couldn't take it.

Mutt n' Jeff.



THE PRO ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE

Oh, once we were pros—but we rolled up our sleeves, And all earned our caps with the greatest of ease; We learned to make beds with corners so neat, And scrubbed service rooms until tidy and sweet.

One day we got chevrons and paid for our pins, And as intermediates we waggled our fins: Some went to Psycho and to the O.R. And then to the Mat. where the dear babies are.

We went to the George each morning to freeze, When the Winnipeg General did pay our car fees; We've been to the Mission and to the D.K. And now almost over we bid you good-day!

We flew through the years, And we all are alive, The great little class of 1935.

JINGLE BELLS

Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, Jingle all the way, Up and down the corridor Waking us each day.

Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, Don't be late to prayers,? Scramble into uniform Hustle down the stairs.

Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells on A. Dr. Morse is coming, The nurses run away.

Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells on B. The linen room and service room Have room for two or three.

Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells on C. Hypos by the dozen grains, Colloidal baths are free.

Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells on D. Is the coffee coming up, Sister will you see? Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells on E. Yards and yards of treatment sheet Made out by Miss Cowie. Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells on F. Charlie chases up and down, All the men are deaf. Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells on G. Diabetics by the score, Calling for their tea. Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, Jingle us away,

36, it is your turn—

Do the same old way.



We are the 35's
Just like the bees in the hives,
How each one bravely strives
To save the patients' lives.
And in our future work
No small thing will we shirk;
How in the world do you know that?
We tell you so!

Probies, a word to you—
You just mind what you do.
To seniors respect is due,
And all the others, too.
And through your training days
Walk in your seniors' ways;
Why in the world should you do that?
We tell you so!

Juniors, now in your turn,
You have a lot to learn—
Don't let equipment burn,
All will with you be stern.
But as the days go by
And you sincerely try,
Times will be brighter by and by—
We tell you so!

Now each intermediate,
Listen while we relate—
We leave you here in state,
See that progress is great;
And when your work is done
We hope renown you've won.
And through it all are days of fun—
We tell you so!

ANGELS

We may not all be angels, But nurses are so few; So until the day when more come this way, I guess we'll have to do.

You're looking for a nurse To do the work of two, But until the day that we get our pay We'll plug along for you.

We may not all be angels, Altho' we'd like to be; But if we had some wings they might be a help To do the work of three. We've all enjoyed our training, In spite of this and that; But never knowing just when some staffy face Comes peeking on the flat.

There's Katie and her Ethics, Essential every year; Wiggies changes watched for by every one Each night as they appear.

There's Smittie and her shavings, Which she likes done just so; Putting out the light is Grahamie's delight As she walks to and fro.

There's Maggie and her hypos, Which don't you dare forget; There is Johnnie, too, who's well known to you And lots of others yet.

But they are all jolly good fellows, etc.



LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

We've been very happy, these three years with you, Now the time is near when we must say adieu; Our thoughts will still be with you and our hearts be true And we know you wish us well in all we do.

So we face the future, with a courage true, To help and do for others as you'd have us do; To take our place as nurses and revive anew Unselfishness of service as excelled by few.

"YELL"

Magnesium Salts!
Magnesium Salts!
We're the class that has no faults!
Ask the Staff!
Ask the Docs!
They'll all agree—
Bet your socks!
23 for Luck!
23 for Pluck!
1935.

THE LAST ROUND-UP

I wonder tonight about far away days, When we meet again up yonder! When the class of '35 get there What will they do, I wonder!

Will Seaman still have babies And her faithful camera there? Will Jamieson teach little Angels To make their corners square?

Will there be a phone for Monty? With G... at the end of course! Will Crerar be rubbing Ballard's feet? Or galloping on a horse?

Will Wilkes be our heavenly president— And sit in a golden chair? Or tell us all to run and play While she tunes her harp with care?

And will Joy Nield massage our backs And give us pimple care? Will Kally cease to letter write? Will Carol wave her hair? Will Darry have her Buster there? Will Cole's lost scarf be found? Will Margaret Ashby's hearty mirth Through the golden streets resound?

We know that Elder will be there But wonder what she'll do! Will Helen Miller bring her Beau? (She'll be Miller to us and Mrs. to you.)

Will Thompson still look calm and cool? Will Millman wonder "Why?" Will Schell still bring her fancy work To that meeting in the sky?

I wonder if Jean Miller's halo Will be as becoming as her hat? The Baldwin girls will both be there; And Goodie and Gibby, bet on that!

Will Helen MacLean be ready to rest, Or will she still keep busy? Will any of us be there at all? And that's what makes me dizzy.

HC	D	0	C	0	0	D	C
Π	1	U	0		\cup	Γ.	C

Ambition	go East for a P.G.	To be at home	To finish training	To be a millionaire "ess"	To go to the coast	To be a P.H. nurse in Peace River D'st.	P.G. in England	To be a nurse on board ship	A nurse in a Mission Hospital	ial—T.B.	To be a P.H. nurse	me for a	Ear P.G. rk e twins	P.G. in a Mental Hospital	A home for two	n O.R.	School for Boys	Scrub nurse in the O.R.	Supervise in O.R.	3 Soy friends who appreciate the Scots	A pay check	Margaret Scott
Amb	To go]	To be	To finish	To l milliona	To go	To be a I in Peace F	P.G. in	To be a board	A nurs Mission	To Special—T.B.	To be a F	To go home for rest	Eye and Ear P.G. work To have twins	P.G. in a Me Hospital	A home	P.G. in O.R.	A Sch Bo	Scrub r	To Suj	Boy friends who appreciate the Scots	A pay	Margaret Scott
Pet Aversion	Being idle	Infection	The infirmary	G flat	Undue activity	Dances?	Erysipelas cases K.G.H.	T.S.O. Relief	E flat	Being disturbed	Being in at 10 p.m.	Working hard	Eating breakfast	E	Things in proper places	Untidiness	Telephoning and writing letters	Babies in bed on W IV	Psycho	Going to bed	Getting up at 6.00 a.m.	Smoking
Hobby	Fancy work	Letters home	Telephoning 42 788	Going to the corner store	The family	Horses	Halfa Horse	Tidy room	Going out	Her friends	Bridge parties	Taking care of herself	Shopping	Telegrams	Westminster	Telephoning Drug Stores	Collecting poetry	Getting 12.30 late leaves	Taking pictures	Letters Friday and Monday	Her Aunt	Reading
Noted for	Going out	Fussing	Alex.	Spilling ink	Crabbing	Journalism	Rounding up the girls	Being a darned good pal	Misplaced articles	Going out with dad	Going home	Good reports	Exaggeration	Nice clothes	Slender waiste	Noise and eating	Curls	Clothes	That laugh! That cough!	Precise	Neatness	Stories of when I
Expression	Hotcha! Oki Doki	Now, girls!	Oh !	Say kids, who's going out?	Say, kids! Do you think that's right?	Humming	How assinine!	Oh, kid!	Oh! Yes, dear!	My gosh, kids!	Oh! Sh-ucks!	At the San!	I haven't a thing to wear!	Like h !	Why?	I could scre am!	O.K.	What did you say?	By gad!	That's swell!	Doggone it!	Say, kids!
Appearance	Hale and hearty	Concerned	Personality	Contented	Reserved	Conscientious	Bright	Willowy	Cheary	Capable	Trim	Busy	Animated	Nonchalant	Naive	Misleading	Innocent	Striking	Chubby	Stately	Calm, cool and collected	Dependable
Known As	Ashby	Louie	Baldy	Ballard	Cole	Crerar	Darrie	Elder	Gibbie	Goodie	Allison	McLean	Helen	Jean	Lorna	Monty	Joy	Pauline	Seeman	Kally	Thompson	Carol
Name	ASHBY, Margaret	BALDWIN, Louise	BALDWIN, Vera	BALLARD, Vera	COLE, Grace	CRERAR, Lorna	DARR, Ethel	ELDER, Ethel	GIBSON, Mary	GOODBRAND, Alice	JAMIESON, Allison	McLEAN, Helen	MILLER, Helen	MILLER, Jean	MILLMAN, Lorna	MONTGOMERY, Grace	NIELD, Joy	SCHELL, Pauline	SEEMAN, Beryl	SIMPSON, Kathleen	THOMPSON, Muriel	WIGHT, Carol
	-	2	60	4	10	9	1-	co	6	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22

Aha! They throw darts at one another.

Take it easy, Dot! If you slip you'll bump Sally anyway.

More worldly wise.

Wood, Sally, Dot and Kay watch the "little birdie."

The first bright, eager days.

Cakes weren't scarce at this hike.



NURSES' LAMENT

Veritable dungeon of slavery,
Is the place I tell you about—
Ceaseless and never ending,
Toil day in and day out.
Often the feet grow weary,
Restless the bells buzz on;
Is it, I ask, a wonder
A nurse dreads the break of dawn?

Happily though, in the evening
Over is work for the day—
Smiling the day nurse surrenders
Patients to the night nurse who doth say—
Is everything the same as I left it?
Tell me what's new on the flat?
And the day nurse giggles and answers—
"Look out for a case on the 'Mat.'"

'36 CLASS SONG

(Tune—Santa Claus is Coming to Town)
Greetings to all, within this big hall,
Lend us an ear, we give you a cheer—
1936 makes its bow.

Don't look askance, just give a chance, We are the class, just lift up your glass, Vim and vigour, beauty and brains.

We're learning to be nurses;
We are our family's pride;
Don't question whether good or bad
We can take you for a ride.
We're trying our best to follow with zest
Examples of seniors, grads and the rest—
1936 takes its bow.

YELL

Clever, happy, peppy, snappy! '36 Rah !



'36 CLASS SONG

(Tune-The Man on the Flying Trapeze)

Once we were probies, but now we're no more, But others keep coming, they come by the score; To learn to be nurses as others before Like Florrie, the girl with the lamp.

Oh! the halls that they tread, they are dreary; And their feet ache, their backs they are sore; And they think they have ne'er been so weary— Ne'er in their lives before.

1st CHORUS

Oh, once I was happy, a girl without care! But that was before a uniform I did wear; Now I have worries, and gray is my hair And that is what nursing has done.

Oh, care dogs my footsteps and nightmares I've had, Lest I burn a patient with a hot water bag. When "Obs." keys are missing—oh, great is the din Like "Psycho" when they've lost a pin.

Oh, the "Sups." they mean well, but you never can tell

When Miss Ellis'll find out what you've done; For "Toso" is strict when mistakes are made, And you get a note that says "Come."

2nd CHORUS

Oh! once I was happy, a maid without care, But that was before bib and apron did wear; Now I have worries, just look at my hair! And that is what nursing has done.

A PRAYER

Now I get me up to work; I pray the Lord I may not shirk; If I should die before the night I pray the Lord my work's done right.



Hurray! Hurray! Here's 1937 A!

"LL say we're here . . . everyone of the "eigh-teenof-us" in the flesh, and raring to go! Too bad you all couldn't have been with us on our Anniversary Tally-ho! Talk about fun! We sure enjoyed it—didn't we girls?

The event occurred on January 15th, because we thought it was a swell idea to celebrate our year of companionship together, a year which has meant a century of work, inter-sprinkled with, of course, just enough play, a beginning to many friendships that we hope will last forever, an opportunity for having pumped into us a lot of knowledge about this and that and human beings in general—in brief, one of the most outstanding years in all our lives. So why not celebrate? We did!

The tally-ho ride was so nice and comfy, and the delicious dinner we found at Mrs. Sharpe's afterwards, still makes my mouth water just to think of it. Then to top it all we had such entertainment that will turn you green with envy. Just listen! Mr. Sharp read our palms and gave us the niftiest character analyses imaginable. Miss Ellis and Miss Graham included. Now, aren't you just too curious? But we're not telling any more than this—that we are most certainly looking forward over the coming year to next January 15th—when we hope to be able to celebrate another anniversary in just as splendid a fashion.

Ques.-When are stockings like dead men?

Ans.—When they are men-ded;

When their soles are departed;

When they are in holes;

When they are past heeling;

When they are no longer on their last legs.

CLASS SONG

We are the class of "thirty-seven,"
How d'you do!
Our patients claim we'll never reach heaven,
The same to you!
We keep them warm with hot foments
They leave the hospital full of laments,
Hinky, Dinky, parlez-vous.

We rise at five-fifty every morn
Believe me you!

Jump out of bed c out a yawn,
Which might be true. (?)

The Sup's get into an awful state,
When we feel tired and get up late!
Hinky, Dinky, parlez-vous.

We are Alexander, Reimer, Halpenny, Parker, Mayne and Sharp, Northwood, McLaren, Hinde and Diner, Rose and Shanks, We have Hamilton, Duke and Brandon, Fair, Leslie and Spratt, now we're all there— Hinky, Dinky, parlez-vous.

When we P.M. many tears we shed,
Large ones, too!
We'd rather stay on duty instead,
Bally-hoo!
When taking pulses, we hold their hand,
And then our eyes meet—Oh, ain't life grand!
Hinky, Dinky, parlez-vous.

If nothing to do, we'll answer a bell,
Anytime will do;
But what we remark we mustn't tell,
It wouldn't do.
Now this is all in case you run—
For I guess you're glad this song is done.
Hinky, Dinky, parlez-vous.

Medical Prof.—"Where is the glottis?"

Student—"I don't know, sir, but I think it is on the shelf in the dissecting room with the rest of the surgical instruments."

"Now Stop Me" '37 "B"

MARGARET LAWRENCE — This blond child first kicked the covers in Winnipeg, which is just another proof that "local products are the best."

DOT RUSSELL—"Still we gazed and still the wonder

That one small head could carry all she knew."

LEONA SPROULE—In her childhood rolled snowballs in Rivers. Decided to kick off her rubbers and shed her sunshine over W.G.H.

IDA BRAYFORD—This merry little miss never has much to say. Often explodes and bursts out with "Nil Desperendum," said in the Micawber way.

GERTIE BIRCH—Noted for her mischievous brown eyes. Tells her riddles in such a quaint way conducive to great merriment.

FRANKIE KASTRUKOFF seems to say—"Work and worry have killed a lot of people, so why should I take a chance."

MILDRED COCHRANE—Here is '37 B's authority on surgery, medicine and men. With her intellectual ability keeps up with the best. 'Nuff said.

Annie Howell—The darling of the class. Sits and gives vent to her inimitable chuckle at the back of the class.

GENI PRYGROCHI—Never hear much from Geni. Perhaps she's practising that quiet bedside manner.

EVELYN HOUGHTLING—"We grant, although she has much wit, she is very shy of using it."

Dr. Gardner—"Well, this was a very nice operation. Of course, it is a great help to have a good anaesthetist."

Mrs. Craig—"Yes—I wonder where we could get one?"



'37 "C"

We all came in together, a class of fifty pro's, Who ate each others chocolates and shared each others woes:

But plague and panic soon removed a goodly twentytwo,

And thirty strong we won our caps and wore them all askew!

We rushed along the halls to class with energetic puffs, And frantically hurdled stairs donning refractory cuffs. We listened with self-conscious pride to lectures from great doctors,

And read our names upon the list elected as hall proctors.

We learned to hypo oranges with fair degree of skill, And practised then upon the wards with vigor, vim and will.

We even went with doctors round—if no one else was near.

And did their bidding anxiously and gazed at them in fear.

Though its but the beginning of this, our junior year, And we have only just begun to pull our own weight here:

In two more years, if we remain—and how we hope we do—

The class of '37 "C" will mean much more to you.

Dr. Davidson—"What you need is an electric bath."

C. Flat Patient—"Not for me — my uncle drowned in one of those things at Sing Sing."

Nurse—"He seems to be wandering in his mind." Patient's Wife—"Oh, well, he can't stray far."



PRO DAYS '37 "C"

(Tune—A Man on the Flying Trapeze)

Probationers' troubles are many, not few,
As probably most of you have cause to know;
And everyone laughs at the things that you do,
Or blames you because you are slow.
And though you were sure you knew how to make beds

For ages before you came in;
Get such foolish notions right out of your heads
And settle yourselves to begin.
For beds with foundations quite rigid and tight
Each Probie must make for Miss Landy's delight,
And you will remake them until they are right
And practice with vigor and vim.

You will learn to make service rooms tidy and neat,
And how to give patients their ice water out;
You'll scrub and you'll scour till the linen shelves
gleam

And dust as you scurry about.
You will make empty beds with a flourish and dash That only probationers know,
Then look at the clock and dash madly to class—
Because the time's probably slow!
If anything's broken the pro's are to blame!
You'll sit on your beds and you'll fuss and complain,
(We know very well for we all did the same)
And decide fifty times that you'll go.

But there's one consolation if ever you're blue,
Just bear it in mind if you feel you need cheer;
All the staff and the "grads" who have ever gone
through
Have all probationers been.
And though they wear caps and a uniform white,
They scrubbed and they scoured in their day;
And always they didn't do everything right,
And often they got in the way.
You're going to like training before you are through,
It's worth all the worry and work that you do;
That is if a cap is becoming to you,

Even we hope to wear one some day.

CLINIC I—PROBATION TERM

Ref. School of Experience," by Probationers



OBJECT

To take a young woman and by means of a course of three years hard work and play, prepare her to be the scientific hand-maid of medicine and raise her above the level of a mere automaton.

NECESSARY ARTICLES

- 1. One Probie, full of pep and enthusiasm.
- 2. One uniform, including hairnet.
- One Wpg. Gen. Hospital Training School and Instructresses.
- 4. One Demonstration Room and two Judies.
- 5. One library and one set of textbooks.
- 6. One canteen and one infirmary.
- 7. Nurse's quarters with BED.
- 8. One rising BELL.

PROCEDURE

- 1. Take Probie, rouse at 6 a.m., by means of the bell, an alarm clock, and Prodromal Probies.
- 2. Dress in uniform, placing on hairnet.
- 3. Rush to prayers by 6.29; parade to breakfast, two by two.
- 4. Turn Probie loose for two hours on wards.
- 5. Remove to M.C. to learn her structure and function.
- 6. Antidote: Coffee, cups I, by mouth; letters I, by hand.

- Lead to D.R. to improve the comfort of Judy and her pal.
- 8. Lock in library for one hour, with one set of textbooks.
- 9. Foundation belt tightened by means of dinner.
- 10. Same loosened by rest for one hour.
- 11. Two hours of mental gymnastics, followed by stockingless footwork.
- 12. Foundation belt retightened by supper.
- 13. Repeat library procedure for one hour.
- 14. And then . . . ?? Collapse!!
- 15. Place in bed at 10.00 o'clock in reverse Fowler's position for relief of shock.
- 16. Turn out light at 10.30.
- 17. Repeat cycle for four months.
- 18. Place cap on head.

POINTS TO BE REMEMBERED

- 1. Reassure the Probie.
- 2. Be sure Probie has a firm foundation, and no wrinkles.
- 3. No over-exposure.
- 4. Shake well before use.
- 5. Observe punctuality to prayers and classes, to prevent the loss of late leaves.

Note—Refer to page 13, Clinic II, on "How to Become a Good Newly-Cap."



THE DUMMY SONG

Oh, meet me tonight in the Dem. Room, Oh, meet me tonight all alone; I have a sad story to tell you, A story that's never been known.

I was carried from the chair I had sat in, And put in a bed of my own; And the pro's changed linen all around me Till I longed to be left all alone.

They put me in Fowler's position,
Then reversed till I nearly went in shock;
They lugged me around in all manners
Till I wished I was able to squawk!

They scraped all the paint off my poor lips Giving fever care to my mouth, They wished I would open it wider— I wished they would all go South!

They soaked my poor feet in mustard, Put on fomentations galore; They propped me up in an armchair Sometimes dropped me hard on the floor.

They suspected me of pediculi And put lotion all over my head; Then pinned it up in a towel, And all went off to be fed.

And now the "pro's" have got their caps, It's quieter here by far; But when another lot appear— I'm going on "Red Star."



Mother Cole.

Ol' Doc Sawbones.

How'm I doin'?

The three trees.

The old dinner wagon.

What's he drilling now?

Ye King George portals.

There ain't no dirt nohow.

Twintuplets.



'35 Memories

E FEEL it would be a crime to let this year go by without at least brief mention of our good times together, for we believe firmly in the old adage "All work and no play make Jack a dull boy."

Being a small class we were able to have more and better parties than if our number had been larger. We felt like a large family and we learned to play together as well as work together in a spirit of co-operation. To mention some of the high spots of our social activities:

There was the night when "A" section met "B" section on that occasion known as the "Pro Party." Here conventionality was thrown to the high winds and we arrived at the old "Infirmary" attired in pyjamas and kimonas. As well as enabling us to know each other it gave us an opportunity of knowing our Superintendent and teachers better.

Another memorable occasion was when "A" section met at the home of a member shortly before Christmas—at an informal little party. We still have visions of ourselves sprawled in front of the fireplace where we received inspiration for our Christmas Party songs and yells. The Christmas Parties were always a "howling success" and will remain in our memories many years. In addition to the annual Christmas Party for the whole school, there were certain informal parties held which will also live in our memory. One year in particular the boxes from home containing turkeys, Christmas cakes, etc., seemed to pour in in an unprecedented abundance, and due to poor refrigeration in our cupboards, required immediate consumption—hence one party followed another in quick succession until by the time the Christmas season was over we were beginning to think that life was just one big party.

Then, of course, there were the occasions of the arrival of short cuffs. For section "A" the celebration took the form of a hike, and for section "B" a weiner roast.

We were very unlucky in our choice of Honorary Class Presidents—not that we didn't have the finest honorary presidents—but they had an awful habit of running away to London, or running away to get married, although we certainly enjoyed them while they were with us. We gathered at the Princess Tea Rooms to say "good-bye" to Miss Wicks, and at Moore's to say "good-bye" to Miss Paget. We would like to tender a vote of thanks to Dr. Stuart for the elasticity of his car bringing loads of us to and from parties.

In addition to those mentioned there was a toboggan party, and another party at the home of our last Honorary President. Mention may also be made of the school toboggan parties and the tally-ho. Also the enjoyable mass meetings where we listened to such interesting speakers and themes as: Dr. Ellen Douglas, with lantern slides on her trip around the world; Miss Ellis, and her lantern lecture on her travels; Judge Hamilton, whose delicious humor kept us in fits of laughter; The President of the S.C.M. of Manitoba University; Miss Sutherland, whose address on "The Relationship of Poetry to Medicine" gave us an insight into possibilities of "The Poetry Cure."

We are truly grateful to those who made these good times possible and to our memory for allowing us to live over again in our minds these eventful three years spent together at Winnipeg General Hospital. My road calls me—lures me,
West, East, South and North;
Most roads lead men homeward,
My road leads me forth,
To add more miles to the tally
Of gray miles left behind;
In quest of that one beauty
God put me here to find.



